Lana Bruce, The Censored Grandmother

a sketch comedy idea by Jonathan D Steinhoff ©7.14.25

A group of grandmothers, **Roberta**, **Mary**, **Barbara** and **Cindy**, sit together in a living room talking about their grandchildren, passing around their most recent photographs. It emerges, from occasional remarks by an off-camera voice, that another grandmother, **Lana Bruce**, is locked in the basement, speaking through the basement door. Sometimes Lana's remarks are totally part of conversation, reacted to as if all is normal, she is part of the group. However, the thing that prompted the others to lock her in the basement, away from the group, eventually becomes self-apparent. When **Roberta** says, "I so love my daughter Nancy's little Timmy. I know someday he's going to grow up to-", **Lana** cuts her off. "Oh? You're all Republicans, which means, block any government action on climate change, and you still think there will be enough of the world left for Timmy to grow up to be ANYTHING??? You HATE Timmy." "How DARE you say I hate my grandson? How DARE you speak to me like that? How DARE-" **Mary** jumps in. "Now calm down, Roberta. Lana, now why did we lock you in the basement?" "You locked me in the basement-" "Because you keep doing this." "How twisted and convoluted you are, Roberta, all of you. You profess deep love, are outraged that I call you liars about how you feel towards your grandchildren. The whole time, you're murderous, you ruin the world for them, literally, unless you want to argue against the consensus of the scientific community. You murder them, MURDER THEM, but you deeply LOVE them. TWIST – ED." **Cindy** tries to change the subject. "Oh look, a photo of your Tommy climbing a tree." **Barbara** beams. "Yes, I told my son Steve, his boy is turning into a little Tarzan." **Lana** argues this. "You MUST hate him. How COULD you love him? By the time he grows up, worldwide famine from climate change will become so disruptive, the climate nomads so pervasive, it won't be a world, it will be a world on the brink. You actually choose this for him." "Lana, please!" "I did see him at the mall with his friends." "When was that, Lana?" "I think it was last week… no, maybe the week before. He was having such a good time." "My Billie goes to the mall a lot too. I tell Walter, 'Your boy must live in the mall!' He just laughs.'" "Laughs as you kill."